

The Press and Banner.

PART SECOND.

THE OLD VETS

Get Through With Thels Reunion and Adjourn.

MEET NEXT IN MOBILE

Gen. Evans, the Aged Commander-in-Chief, Declined a Re-election to His Office, But the Honor is Thrust Upon Him Again by His Old Comrades.

The reunion of the Old Confed. Veterans for 1909 at Memphis, Tenn., is over. After re-electing Gen. Clement A. Evans commander-in-chief over his vigorous but futile protest, and selecting Mobile, Ala., as the next place of reunion, the United Confederate Veterans adjourned their business meeting Wednesday on the heels of a very stormy session. The only candidate for commander-in-chief placed in nomination was Gen. Wm. M. Cabell, commander of the Trans-Mississippi division. Just before nominations were in order, Gen. Evans read an announcement to the convention, in which he declined re-election. He said he had served in every capacity, from the lowest to the highest, and that he felt that the highest honor in the Veterans' gift should be passed from one Ex-Confederate to another in turn.

But the delegates disagreed with him, and by a vote of 1,540 to 744 for Cabell, re-elected Gen. Evans to command. With tears streaming down his cheeks and shaking with emotion, the stately and aged soldier bowed to the commands of his comrades.

After Mobile, Houston, Nashville, Chattanooga and Oklahoma City had been put in nomination for the next reunion, some one began to introduce outside speakers. Sweltering in a temperature of over a hundred degrees, the Veterans delegates objected strongly and yelled vigorously for a vote. Finally John W. Apperson, commander-in-chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, secured the floor and introduced Congressman T. U. Sisson, of Mississippi, as the spokesman of the Sons.

Nearly every one thought Sisson was to spring a "dark horse" candidate for the next meeting place, but as it became evident that the young Congressman merely desired to make a speech, the delegates became noisy and calls of "sit down" and "vote" were insisted. Sisson was game, however, and won out on a test of endurance. He announced that he wished to repeat his speech in Congress, delivered in answer to Congressman Calderhead, of Kansas, who charged that the Southern people were lazy. Sisson received some encouragement and some hisses, but he persevered. Finally his conclusion in a burst of eloquence, saying:

"The principles you fought for were right in '61 and are right today. You were not conquered then, you are not conquered now, and the greatest monument in your honor are the millions of pensions the Federal government pays to the widows and orphans your valor made and the forty-six thousand graves in Arlington Cemetery, which the Federal government decorates each 10th of May. As long as these monuments are perpetuated to your honor, you need erect no others."

Sisson's speech was received with mingled cheers and hisses, and many Confederates left the hall in disgust. Others crowded around him and swamped him with congratulations.

Meantime Mrs. Moore Murdock, of Dallas, Texas, was endeavoring to be heard. She wanted to second the nomination of Houston, Texas, for the next reunion. She possesses a very masculine voice and manner of delivery, and she soon quieted the assembly. The Veterans listened in patience until she declared:

"We have lived as rebels, we are still rebels, and we will die as rebels."

Then pandemonium broke loose. It was difficult to tell whether the majority favored her sentiments or opposed them. Cheers were mingled with cat-calls and hisses and above all reverberated the ear-splitting rebel yell.

Several other speakers were introduced but no one heard their names or what they said until Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, was introduced. Even he had a stormy greeting, which might be construed one way or another. Finally, however, he tired out the crowd and made a diplomatic speech, inviting the Convention to choose Oklahoma City for the 1910 reunion.

"You will find Confederate Veterans in most of the offices of the State, from Supreme Court Judges to constables," he said, "and you will find as hearty a welcome as you will find anywhere on God's earth."

BLACK HAND DOINGS

UNEARTHED AND SEVERAL RINGLEADER ARE CAUGHT.

Noted Italian Society Said to Have Practiced Extortion and Murder in Various Cities.

Revelations in the extortion, plotting and murder by the "Black Hand," as uncovered by the postoffice inspectors from the Cincinnati office, show conclusively that the gang in Columbus, Marion, Dennison and Bellefontaine and other Ohio towns was organized along the same lines as the old Mafia, but with a better system for concealing their movements.

It is now known that the Ohio Black Hand, or the Society of the Banana, as its members style themselves, had a branch in Pittsburgh and one in Chicago, and a line that extended to South Dakota. Regular meetings were held and the money obtained by extortion was distributed to various divisions in this country and sent to relatives in Italy for safe-keeping.

"We have found what I believe to be certain proof that the Black Hand outrages were committed by a well organized society," said Chief Postoffice Inspector Holmes to an Associated Press representative.

"It has taken Inspector Oldfield and four other men under me six months to run down the leaders."

"We have no evidence so far that American Black Hand in the West is connected with the foreign organization that killed Lieut. Petrosino in Sicily."

Nine arrests have been made thus far in Columbus, Marion, Dennison and Bellefontaine, and Government officers in Chicago and Cincinnati are looking for Antonio Lima, who was arrested in Marion. Antonio Lima is held to be one of the chief ringleaders.

An effort will be made to have the prisoners indicted by a Federal grand jury at Cleveland on the charge of conspiracy to commit extortion.

MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATES

Will Be Erected in Finnis Point Cemetery.

A monument of marble or granite to cost about \$5,500 is to be erected by the United States government in the Confederate section of Finnis Point, national cemetery at Salem, N. J., to mark the resting place of 2,246 officers and men of the Confederate army and navy who died as prisoners of war at Fort Delaware between 1862 and 1865.

The adoption of a monument for the purpose is due to the fact that it has been found impossible, because of imperfect records, to place distinctive headstones at each individual grave, as contemplated by the act of Congress.

Commissioner Oats has arranged also to place wrought iron fences around Camp Chase Confederate cemetery, near Columbus, Ohio, and around the Confederate cemetery at North Alton, Ill.

CHEWED UP BEER GLASS

On a Wager and Dies After Suffering Agony.

A freak wager in New York that ended fatally was brought to light when James Shea, a laborer, thirty-eight years old, died at his home in Brooklyn as the result of eating a beer glass on February 10. Since that time he suffered intensely as the broken glass penetrated his system and came out in different parts of his body. Doctors wanted to operate upon him. They said he could not live otherwise, but Shea would not allow them to do so and the end came a few days ago.

Gen. Evan's re-election likewise was made unanimous, and the convention, forgetting its disagreements of an hour before, adjourned to the tune of "Dixie," the delegates cheering, laughing, crying and even hugging one another.

Clad in the rough gray homespun which they wore dressed in the sixties on a carrying ancient rifles, 10,000 United Confederate Veterans marched in what was probably the last big parade in which they will ever participate Thursday.

Some of them wear straggling beards as gray as their uniforms and there were many empty sleeves. The heat was intense. At the suggestion of the parade committee the line of march was cut down.

The commanders of divisions and brigades directed that the old and feeble members of their commands drop out, but the officers reported that they could find no men old enough or feeble enough to take advantage of the indulgence.

Bands from all over the South, twenty or them, were interspersed here and there through parade, and when steps lagged or aged limbs trembled, the stirring notes of "Dixie" or "My Maryland" were sufficient to rejuvenate the marchers. Everywhere were flags with the stars and bars of the lost cause.

DOUBLE LYNCHING

TWO NEGROES HANGED AND RIDDLED WITH SHOT.

They Were Charged With the Murder of Mr. Smoak and Were Taken From Officers of the Law.

A dispatch from Branchville to The News and Courier says at a late hour Friday night a crowd of about one hundred farmers and other citizens of Colleton county, took two negroes away from the officers of the law, hung them to a tree, near the railroad track, and fired round after round into their swinging bodies. The negroes, who were killed were Frank Samuels and Quillie Simmons, and the crime for which death was meted out to them was the murder on May 29 of young Mr. Benjamin Smoak, a member of a prominent Colleton family, and a merchant of the town, which bears his name.

The dispatch says early Friday night word was received at Branchville from Smoak's stating that Constable N. M. Maxey had arrested four negroes who, it was alleged, were concerned in the murder of Mr. Smoak. These four were Frank Samuels, Quillie Simmons, Connie Stokes and another whose name has not been learned. It will be remembered that when Mr. Smoak was killed, just as he was closing his store for the night, the assassin, or assassins, secured about \$95 in cash and checks. It was these checks which led to the arrest of the four negroes, two of whom met death Friday night at the hands of the mob.

Young Ben Minus stepped up behind the stables of Samuels, who had a farm about a mile and a half from the town of Smoak's and saw him dividing the stolen money with the other negroes. Minus immediately returned, told what he had seen and heard, and described the hiding place of the missing checks. A prompt search led to the discovery of the checks, and Constable Maxey at once arrested Samuels. Subsequently the other negroes were also arrested, and the constable and his assistants started with his prisoners for Walterboro.

Meanwhile the mob had been gathering rapidly and silently, and before long nearly a hundred determined men had started in pursuit. The officers were overtaken near the railroad line and, being greatly outnumbered, they were unable to offer effective resistance. The terrified negroes were seized, and the leaders of the mob questioned them briefly as to their connection with the killing of Mr. Smoak. Two of them apparently managed to clear themselves and were set free. Samuels and Simmons were then marched to the railroad track, hanged to a tree and their bodies riddled with bullets.

At present everything is quiet. It is not known whether Samuels and Simmons confessed their guilt, after falling into the hands of the avengers, since the mob, as soon as it completed its work, scattered, and those who took part in the lynching returned to their homes. It is known, however, that the town negroes had previously admitted that they knew something about the crime, though they swore that they did not do the actual shooting. Samuels stated that he generally used No. 8 shot in his gun, and shot of that size were found in Mr. Smoak's body. Both negroes bore evil reputations.

SIX HORSES BURNED.

Lightning Fires Stable of a Physician in Greenville County.

The stable of Dr. J. B. Bruce, living at Sandy Flat, in the upper part of Greenville county, was struck by lightning Wednesday afternoon, during an electrical storm, and was burned to the ground. Five of Bruce's horses were burned to death, and the feed stuff in the barn was destroyed. A horse of Charlie W. Mitchell, of O'Neal, was burned to death also in the barn. Mitchell was going home from Greenville, when the storm met him near Dr. Bruce's residence. He stopped and sheltered the animal, and when the crash of lightning came and the building was burned to ashes his horse was burned to death.

KILLS FARMER AND MULE.

Man Struck by Lightning While Ploughing.

Samuel Boggs, a well-known and prosperous farmer, was killed by lightning late Tuesday, while ploughing in a field at his home near Central, north of Anderson. The mule he was working was also struck by the bolt and instantly killed. Mr. Boggs was about 35 years old and is survived by his wife and four children. The funeral was held at Sharon church Wednesday afternoon and was largely attended. This is the second man killed in Anderson county by lightning in the last ten days.

Crushed in Elevator.

On her first visit to New York and on her first ride in an elevator, Miss Loua Shoonmaker, was crushed to death Monday afternoon.

BRUTAL MURDER

Both an Axe and a Raysor Were Used to Commit It.

BODY CAST IN WELL

The Horrible Crime is One of the Worst That Ever Happened in Columbia, and for Mystery Surrounding it Rivals the Famous Maud Allen Murder Case.

In the revolting killing in the kitchen of her home at 611 Sumter street, Columbia, Friday morning about day-break, of Mrs. Victoria Griffin, who was struck in the head with an axe, her throat cut from ear to ear and her body thrown into the well on the premises.

The Record says the Columbia police have a murder mystery on their hands, which is a match for the Maud Allen murder mystery, which has never been solved. In both the Maud Allen and Griffin murders the owner of the premises is a resident of Brookland. This has no bearing on the case, but is merely a curious coincidence. The following particulars of the crime we clip from the Columbia Record:

Five men have been arrested in connection with this morning's murder, three of them sons of the dead woman; the fourth a man said to have been on friendly terms with the dead woman up to five months ago, when he ceased boarding at the house, and the fifth a barber named Luke Lewis, who was a visitor to the dead woman's oldest daughter by a former husband, Eula Thompson. The three sons are Walter, Jim and Russell Griffin, all cotton mill operatives. They were all found at the house by the police, and said they all slept in their mother's room, the youngest, Russell, in the same bed. The oldest daughter occupied a room to the front. There was still another daughter in the house, about 13 years old. There are only three rooms and a kitchen in the house. The other man in arrest is S. Wash Medlin, who ceased boarding at the house recently, but who turned up, there shortly after the arrival of the police at about 5:30 Friday morning.

All the arrests made were made at the house, except that of Lewis, who was placed in arrest at his barber shop in the McCreary building, opposite the union station. He said he was not at the house last night, and Eula Thompson says, though last night was his usual night to be there, he had sent word that he could not come.

All the children, except a daughter, who lives in the country, were at home, and they advanced the theory of suicide so strongly, in the face of the physical facts demonstrating murder unmistakably, that Coroner Walker became suspicious of them and made the arrests as indicated.

The woman's husband, David Wesley Griffin, was a well known resident of Richland county, and was fairly successful in business. He was murdered in a quarrel with his partner in the turpentine business, by a man named Dennis, about five years ago, in Georgia.

The oldest daughter says she discovered that her mother was missing about 5 o'clock. Being awakened at this time and not hearing her mother stirring in the kitchen, the daughter left her room to go to her mother's to arouse her. Not finding her there she made a fruitless search. The youngest son then went to the union station, a few blocks away, and notified Officer Salter, who, with another officer went to the house at once.

A horrible sight met the officers' gaze in that back kitchen in the fresh crisp dawn of the new day. A pool of blood was on the floor of the kitchen, a bloody razor, afterward claimed as his by one of the sons, was on the kitchen table, and in the corner stood a bloody axe, part of the blade being broken off and the other half very bloody, and blood on the handle. There were bloody tracks about the kitchen. There were also some tracks leading back into the room where the sons slept, but it is thought these were made by the youngest boy in going out to search for his mother. Prints of the woman's fingers on the floor as she struggled in her own blood were evident.

Finally the officers were attracted to the well by a few blood stains on the side of the well-box. The top was down, the dry bucket on the two lids. Further investigation disclosed the woman, whose body was fished up out of about fifteen feet of water, though it was not yet stiff.

The dead woman had a gash in the top of her head as if made by three licks from the blade of the axe, although the skull was not fractured. The wounds on the throat revealed repeated hackings at it with the razor, the assassin striking the cartilage of the Adam's apple and forcing his way through this with fiendish energy. A chip out of the Adam's apple was found on the kitchen floor by Dr. L. A. Griffith, who afterward conducted the post mortem.

The woman's next door neighbors

GIVEN AN OVATION

GEN. F. D. GRANT CLASP HANDS WITH CONFED. VETS.

They Cheer, Shake Hands and Weep With the Son of the Man to Whom Lee Surrendered.

A frenzied demonstration of welcome by the men in grey for the son of the man who conquered them marked the final scene of the nineteenth Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans Thursday. It took place during the parade. In the reviewing stand stood Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, of the United States army.

The first few divisions in line passed with only a limited number recognizing the son of the man who accepted the surrender of Lee. But finally a cavalry division approached, and its commanding officer, Gen. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., old and grizzled, peered steadily at Gen. Grant a moment. Then he turned in his saddle and yelled:

"Come on, you kids, here's Gen. Grant come to life again in his son."

With one of the old-time rebel yells, the division, remnants of Forrest's Cavalry, charged upon the stand and jostled one another for an opportunity to shake the hand of the son of their old-time enemy. From that moment every grey-clad Veteran who could reach the stand rushed up to shake hands with Gen. Grant. The stocky army officer's gray eyes filled with tears and his shoulders shook with emotion as he murmured: "God bless you all, boys, God bless you," giving each a cordial hand-grasp.

Battle-torn banners were grouped at his feet and waved over his head in salute. One old officer rode up to the stand, seized Gen. Grant's hand and kissed him on the cheek, exclaiming: "God bless you, boy, I fought your father, of whom you are the image, but he was a gallant, magnanimous foe, and I love his son."

More than one Veteran was in tears as he saw the famous Federal chieftain's son so touched by the reception. It is doubtful if any other Northern man, even a President, ever received such an ovation as that which was so generously given to Gen. Grant by the Confederate Veterans Thursday.

The parade over, the Reunion practically ended and Veterans' special trains began to leave Memphis at 2 p. m.

Rabies in Laurens.

Mr. Fred W. Green of Laurens left early Tuesday morning for Atlanta to take the Pasteur treatment for a dog bite received last Tuesday. Saturday the head of the dog was sent to Atlanta to be analyzed and a telegram received yesterday stating that the dog had rabies. Hence Mr. Green left at once for treatment.

are negroes. They could tell the police nothing to throw any light on the mystery.

The coroner and police found the children all in tears and they appeared to be grief-stricken in the extreme. In the face of all these facts disclosed by the police they still affect to believe their mother committed suicide.

Neighbors say the children were very affectionate towards their mother.

In support of the suicide theory the children turned over to the coroner a two-ounce bottle of iodine, half empty, which they said their mother bought Thursday. The bottle bears the imprint of W. C. McMillan's drug store.

When fished out of the well the women was clad in two night gowns, and the small amount of blood on them gave rise to the suspicion that the body was thus dressed after the murder.

Eula Thompson stoutly maintains to the coroner that she is a good girl. She went so far as to offer to undergo any sort of examination at the hands of a physician which would satisfy the coroner that she had always been a good woman. She says she is willing to do this or most anything else to throw any light on the mystery of her mother's murder or suicide, whichever it is. The dead woman suffered from cancer of the stomach, the children say, and they believe she took her own life on this account, because she had been saying lately that if she could find a good way to kill herself she would do it.

A theory of the police is that Medlin committed the murder in a fit of jealous rage, having caught Mrs. Griffin in company with another man. The children admit that Medlin slept in the same room with their mother when he was boarding there, but they deny there had been any quarrel between the two, so far as they are informed. Medlin has been to the house frequently up to within a week of the murder, it is said.

Mrs. Griffin's son Walter, who says he slept in the same bed with his mother, although he is fourteen years old, says his mother had a habit of going out to the back steps several times a night on hot nights and dipping snuff. She went out last night. He does not recall her returning after she had gone out the third time. She was wearing dark clothes then.

SELLS BAD MEAT

GOVERNMENT AGENT SAYS INSPECTORS FARCE.

He Makes Grave Charges in a Letter to Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson.

After eighteen months service as a United States meat inspector in East St. Louis packing house, J. F. Harms has resigned, he says, writing a letter to Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, demanding an investigation of the meat inspection system in the national stock yards.

Mr. Harms asserts that he resigned because he could not tolerate conditions, and that inspectors in charge of the bureau of animal industry were too lenient with the packers. Harms in his letter says:

"The inspection at the National stock yards, Illinois, is costing the people approximately \$100,000 a year, and it is not actually worth \$1 to them. For when the word is passed from the inspector in charge to the inspectors actually doing the work on the floors that they are getting too many condemned animals, and to change the grading, it means that the whole thing is a farce. Mr. Secretary, the packers are getting today from 70 to 80 per cent of meat that ought to be condemned and destroyed."

"I have seen from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds of lard spill and run into an open sewer in the floor, the sewer outlet quickly blocked, and said lard taken up from the floor and out of the sewer, both of which were unclean and unsanitary; and your doctors passed same to the packers on over the protest of the inspectors on that floor, and it went to the public market 'U. S. Inspected and passed.'"

"Some of the filthiest things imaginable are practiced in the sausage departments, such as using bladders for casing without thorough washing or cleaning, the use of filth tripe in sausage, the use of slimy hog stomachs for casing or containers, the using of meats that have fallen on the floor and are taken up and used without any pretense of cleaning."

"These are all permitted by those in charge. If an inspector calls their attention to any of the wrongs, he is told as I was, that the people who eat such stuff are too lazy to prepare anything for themselves and ought to have such stuff."

"I will give you another instance that happened elsewhere. The meat inspector in the department held some 6,000 or 7,000 pounds of cured meats for being sour, and, mind you, four or five other inspectors were called in and they all pronounced the meat sour. Your Dr. Meadors released it to the packer."

KILLED ON A TRAIN.

Shot Man Who He Accused of Stealing His Wife.

C. M. Murphy, a wealthy contractor and planter, shot Paton Carver, Murphy's overseer, at his farm at Burton, while the latter sat in a coach of a passenger train as it stopped at Branford, Fla., Thursday. Carver was carried from the train to the depot platform, where he died twenty minutes later. Sheriff Rickerson, of Live Oak, Fla., who was on the train, arrested Murphy.

According to Murphy's story Carver and Mrs. Murphy eloped from the Burton farm Wednesday. The husband learned of this, he said, and learned that Carver was returning to Burton to get some of his belongings, which the hurry of the elopement caused him to leave there.

Murphy met the train and killed Carver. Both men are well known in that part of Florida and have relatives there. Carver was unmarried. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have several children.

MARRIED BY WHOLESALE.

Five Couples United by One Single Ceremony.

Rev. Alfred W. Burroughs, of Bristol, Tenn., Wednesday, with a single ceremony, joined in marriage five young couples who eloped to Bristol from points in Virginia. The five brides, each attired in white, left their respective homes, ostensibly to attend commencement at Emory and Henry Colleges at Bristol. All the couples arrived on the same train. This ceremony brings Rev. Mr. Burroughs' record up to nearly 3,000 couples, and he claims the world's record for marriage ceremonies.

Automobiles Not Allowed.

The little town of Seney, Ga., has declared war on automobiles. At a meeting of the town council recently, after a spirited discussion, an ordinance was adopted prohibiting the use of automobiles within the city limits, and the town marshal was authorized to arrest any one passing through Seney with such "engines of destruction."

Devastated by Earthquake.

The town of Koriuchi, in Sumatra, was devastated by an earthquake on the night of June 3. Two hundred and thirty were killed and many others injured.

BACK HOME

After an Absence of Thirty-Three Years or More

FINDS LOST FATHER

Wilson Scarboro, of Bishopville, S. C., Goes to Statesboro, Ga., and Takes His long Lost Parent Back to the Old Home—Old Man Bore the Name of R. Baker.

A letter from Statesboro, Ga., to the Augusta Chronicle tells a most remarkable story. The letter says after a fruitless search for the whereabouts of his father for thirty-three years, during which time his estate is said to have been administered on by members of the family, Wilson Scarboro, a resident of Bishopville, S. C., came to this county last Sunday and carried his father back to his South Carolina home to spend his declining years.

R. Scarboro, the father, came to this county twenty years ago and adopted the name of R. Baker, first making his home on the farm of Sol. Atkins, and later with the Alens until recently he took up his place of abode on the farm of Tom Moore at Enal, near Bryana county, where his son found him. Domestic troubles are said to have been the cause of his leaving his home in South Carolina. Before he came to Bulloch county he spent thirteen years within a hundred miles of his home and was successful in keeping his wife and four sons from learning his whereabouts.

Some time ago it is said a traveling man happened to run across Mr. Scarboro, or Baker, as he was known here, and when he went back to Bishopville he told one of the sons that he had seen and spoken to his father. The traveler remembered the name of Mr. John M. Jones, a hardware dealer, and told the son to write to Mr. Jones for information, which the son did, giving a description of his father from which Mr. Jones readily applied the description to "Baker."

The letter was answered by Mr. Jones giving the desired information. In some way Mr. "Baker" learned that Mr. Jones had written to his son and it is said the old man did not relish it very much, evidently intending to keep his whereabouts a secret until death. Several letters passed between Mr. Jones and the son in South Carolina and finally the father was communicated with by his son and persuaded to consent to return to his old home and be cared for the rest of his life.

Mr. Scarboro arrived in Statesboro Saturday night and proceeded to Enal without making known the object of his visit to any one but Mr. Jones with whom he had been communicating. He stated to Mr. Jones that the four sons were still alive; that each of them were in good financial circumstances and were desirous of having their father spend his declining years with them where he could be cared for. When the son reached the home of his father at Enal the meeting is said to have been a loving one, first handshake and then throwing their arms around one another the two stood there and hugged for some time.

This was on Saturday night and Sunday morning when they started for the train they passed through Jimps, five miles from here and some time was spent at the home of Will Atkins while waiting for the Central train. Mr. Atkins was not at home at the time and when he returned he walked up and spoke to the father and cordially bowed to the son, not knowing who he was.

At this time Mr. "Baker" said, "Well, Will, I have fooled you all for twenty years. I want to introduce you to my son, Mr. Scarboro. I am going back to the old home with him this morning and will spend the balance of my life there with my wife and children. I have been away thirty-three years, twenty years of which have spent in Bulloch county, where I have made many friends and it is with regret that I leave you, but I suppose it is best for me."

"Baker" is well known in Statesboro, though his home has always been in the country near here. During his twenty years in Bulloch county it is said he confided in one man Mr. Sol. Atkins, when he first came here, and told his real name and the cause of his leaving home. He evidently confided in a safe man for through a score of years Mr. Atkins has told no one the old man's secret. "Baker" is apparently nearing his allotted time, three score years and ten, and that he will receive a loving welcome in his old home is evidenced by the continuous search which has been made for him for thirty-three years.

Wilson Scarboro, the son that came after his father, is now forty-three years of age and states that he was nearly eleven years old when his father left home. The location of his father's whereabouts is probably due to the traveling man who spoke to him here, calling his real name, and Mr. John M. Jones, who gave the son the necessary information.